PEACE CORPS Volunteer

DECEMBER, 1963
VOL. 2, NO. 2
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20525

'I Was in the Chorus That Answered Him'

To most Americans, the Peace Corps was the creation of President Kennedy. To many of the people of other lands, the Peace Corps was President Kennedy, a forthright expression of his ideals and of his practicality in assessing the requirements of durable international relationships. Following are the views of some Americans who heard him well when he addressed them. The writers are all returned Peace Corps Volunteers.

As people the country and the world over begin to recover from the tragic death of John F. Kennedy, they begin to talk of fitting memorials. I am proud to have been a part of an already-established *living* memorial to Kennedy: the Peace Corps. And yet, my having been a Volunteer makes his death so much more a personal and real loss. I know what he meant to us who were part of an organization that bore the stamp of his youth, imagination, and dedication, and I know what he meant to the poor, simple people in remote villages of the Philippines. He "belonged" to them as well as to us. In a letter that I received from a Filipino school teacher—prior to his death—she mentioned that "it took the catholic or universal viewpoint of your young President Kennedy to send you [the Peace Corps] to us. No Americans during the 50 years they governed us could really fathom the true Filipino. It was President Kennedy who sent you to establish the true friendly relationships that were only *assumed* previously."

I can still hear the small children of our *barrio* chanting "Ken-ne-dee, Ken-ne-dee" outside our windows when they wanted us to pay attention to them.

One of my first reactions to the news of the President's death was to be grateful that I was home when this happened, and that I was in Washington where I could pay my respects to him. I guess one always likes to be at home when there's a death in the family. I couldn't help thinking of the thousands of Volunteers around the world who probably heard the news over the Voice of America and of their feelings of desolation. And yet, maybe they're in an even better place to "pay their respects." For they are involved directly in a venture that represents all that John Kennedy believed in and all that he tried to instill into American life. To paraphrase him, they must not shrink from their responsibility.

I feel that the Peace Corps is a living and breathing answer to Kennedy's famous "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." One source of consolation for me over his loss is that I was in the chorus that answered him. I guess the only consolation for all Americans is to attempt to lead their lives with the vigor of spirit and dedication to national ideals that characterized his actions.

—Maureen Carroll

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President Kennedy was without a doubt one of the strongest influences on my decision to join the Peace Corps. He infected a youthful spirit into the hard task of aiding the developing world. He sparked an ideal and an idea, and I saw the opportunity to serve.

My life as a Volunteer had a strong tie with President Kennedy. He greeted my group of Volunteers before we departed for Colombia. Then a few months later, with about 20 other Volunteers I met the President and Mrs. Kennedy in Colombia. This was his first visit to a Peace Corps group serving abroad. The Kennedys visited Techo, a housing project near Bogotá, Colombia. Along with our Colombian coworkers, we Volunteers attended a ceremony there on Dec. 17, 1961, in which President Kennedy and Colombia's President Lleras Camargo dedicated the housing project and a school, the first Colombian projects to receive Alliance for Progress assistance.

I had the honor of conveying to President Kennedy a letter from the people of my village, who wanted to thank him in the simple conviction that he personally had sent me to the village to assist them.

At the request of my friends in Sandoná, I recently obtained from the White House a photograph of President and Mrs. Kennedy taken during their Colombian visit and signed by them. It was in an envelope and ready to mail last Nov. 22. I will still mail it.

Many men before him and much like him had stimulated my

To the Consejo Municipal, Sandoná, Nariño, Colombia

with best wishes
Jacqueline Kennedy

desire to serve my country and world peace at the same time. But John F. Kennedy embodied my ideals and gave me an opportunity to play an active part in our struggle for world peace and justice. I thank him for this and for my rededication that comes as a result of his death.

—Stephen Murray

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In the recent days of sadness I have been trying to sort out some of the significant things about Mr. Kennedy's presidency. As a former Peace Corps Volunteer, I have tried to rationalize Mr. Kennedy's effect on the attitudes of the people of the United States towards the peoples of other parts of the world.

Mr. Kennedy was the first president to bring home to the American people their personal involvement in the lives of other peoples around the world.

Wilson made the attempt to involve our people as a nation and failed. Franklin Roosevelt finally succeeded in moving our nation into the community of nations. Truman and Eisenhower by alliances and extensive foreign-aid programs involved all of us, but in an impersonal, national way.

It was not until Mr. Kennedy's administration that the *people* of this country could feel that through a government program they had definite ties with other *peoples* of the world.

President Kennedy had the foresight to establish an outlet for grassroots, nonprofessional, international idealism—for *people* in our country to go out to other lands and work with and learn from other *peoples*.

A strongly-felt personal concern on the part of all people for fellow human beings everywhere was one goal towards which we were striving.

President Kennedy predicted that when Volunteers returned from abroad we would act as agents of our own change, spreading the benefits of our experience to others in the community.

We have made a beginning; now we must continue.

—Michael Woldenberg

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I first heard John Kennedy speak in 1959 when I was working on a master's degree and when he was working for the Democratic nomination for president. He did not mention a "new frontier" in his address and he did not mention a Peace Corps. What he did say was simply that our generation lives in a time when government leadership is increasingly important and that he hoped that some of the best students in the audience would train step by step for that leadership. It was an interesting talk but won no commitments.

The next time I heard Kennedy he was the Democratic nominee and had more explicitly proposed his "new frontier." Among these proposals was the Peace Corps. It is true that the plan did not originate with him, but I and many others first heard of such a plan directly from him. It is also true that he had the courage to project such a controversial plan as one of the most important links in the total campaign program by which he and his plans would win or lose. From my viewpoint, the Peace Corps idea originated from him, and that idea, once stated nationally, was exciting in its prospects, not only as a personal venture but, as he had said, as a new alternative in foreign relations to the military, political, and tourist fronts.

I was still in school when Kennedy established the Peace Corps and got the wheels turning, but my application and examination had been sent in and I had decided, if selected, to see it through despite all the uncertainty which surrounded the idea at that time. Now that I have finished my two years as a Volunteer I can honestly say that I found the experience one of greater magnitude and satisfaction than I had anticipated, and the organization as a whole has certainly been more successful than most anticipated it could be.

When I first heard of Kennedy's death I was at Temple University to talk to students about what being a Volunteer had meant to me and what I thought it meant in American relations with the world's new countries. I had thus come full circle in the Peace Corps, from hearing and being captivated by Kennedy's proposal to repeating that proposal to those capable of carrying the program on. The Peace Corps had passed from a plan—in the mind of a man with the power and courage to execute it—to a working institution.

I suppose that with Kennedy's death a shudder passed through the entire Peace Corps. Without vision and the breath of life an organization becomes routine and loses distinction. Many of us were attracted to join the Peace Corps because it did truly have, as Kennedy had presented it, the fresh air and prospects of a new frontier for our generation. It proved to be all of that for me and I have President Kennedy to thank for the opportunity. I suppose, now that the breath of life is gone from the President, there exists the question of whether his plans, including the Peace Corps, can live without his personal leadership. In some ways, that may be history's test of his greatness. It has been my privilege to be part of his plans.

—Roger Landrum

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My first interest in the Peace Corps arose during President Kennedy's campaign, and I am sure that his dedication and vigor were prime motivational factors in my joining a movement to demonstrate to the developing nations the concern and the willingness both to teach and to learn on the part of young America.

Thinking of what is surely the reaction of my very dear friends in Rivera, Huila, Colombia, I cannot help knowing that they must see my work with them as an extension of the idealism and the true feelings that President Kennedy had for them. Indeed, it was most gratifying to hear that one of the world's first acts of homage to that great man was the changing of the name of Ciudad Techo, an Alliance for Progress housing project in Bogotá, Colombia, which President and Mrs. Kennedy dedicated shortly after our arrival there, to John F. Kennedy Village.

Even now this spirit so well exemplified by him moves forward under our new President, and it must continue if the United States is to maintain its position in the world today. For our generation, I think this is the first major national crisis that we have been forced to face. I know that we will face it with courage and determination, rededicating ourselves and our country to what John Fitzgerald Kennedy stood for. I am even more proud today to be a part of the Peace Corps and to be playing a role in the progress of our world toward a real and lasting peace.

—A. W. Lewis Jr.

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I remember sitting in the home of a farm family in an isolated village in Chile last year and hearing the news of the death of Pope John. Together we had shared the sorrow of his passing. The old farmer had said "Can you understand our grief? It's as if your President Kennedy had passed away. Who can take the place of our beloved Pope? No one."

And so the day after President Kenn dy's death I wrote a letter to this family. Although I was sure that the tragic news had reached my friends, I wanted to remind them that we would share grief again even though we were miles apart.

President Kennedy was a favorite of the Chileans because of his youth, his energy, his lovely wife, the religion he shared with them, and his oft-expressed concern for the welfare of their nation; these things were important to them.

I tried to express in my letter that together we could make his ideas and words live through our own actions. He had said to us and to the world: "Ask not what America will do

When possible, President Kennedy greeted Volunteers bound overseas.

for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man."

This is the spirit of the Peace Corps and the Alliance for Progress. I am glad I have a part in it.

—Janet Boegli

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The loss of President Kennedy as a leader creates a void which must be filled by the institutions and people he worked so hard to represent. Certainly no one agency can claim special dedication to this task. Yet, as a follower of his ideals and a creation of his genius, the Peace Corps must now set about fulfilling its promise with a dedication previously unknown.

If a man lives on in his creations, then let the Peace Corps attempt to be the measure of this man. If there are problems to be borne, there is now this additional reason to succeed. From the isolated Volunteer—striving against odds to make himself and his task meaningful in a world which often seems meaningless—to the Director himself, there is now a new challenge to be met. We must all prove ourselves not only capable of doing the job but also willing to assume the burden of expectation placed on us by the American people who see us, in part, as they saw him: equal to any task, unselfish in his accomplishments, and unrelenting in his desire for peace.

If in the past the rhetoric has outrun our accomplishment, let us now match the rhetoric. If the goals have been obscured by the problems, let us now view the goals from this height to which we have been elevated. If the challenge ever seems too great, let us remember whose design it is we are fulfilling.

—Carl Ehmann

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When I joined the Peace Corps in the summer of 1961, I was taken with the idea that it offered me a chance to *do* something, to help, to act in accordance with ideals which I could not even identify, much less understand. As I look back on it, the Peace Corps had a mystique, a glamour, an excitement, which made even the reservations dictated by common sense seem irrelevant.

This same euphoria characterized my reaction to John Kennedy, for here was a man who combined thought with thrust, intellect with charisma. Here was a man with whom I, and all young people, could identify . . . a man who suddenly made being an American an exciting idea.

The last two years have brought little time for reflection, but a deeper awareness has come, almost unnoticed. I remember our arrival at the airport in Manila and the Peace Corps Representative's words of welcome. He reiterated the belief of the President when he said that we had come not only to help but to learn. He predicted then that the learning would far outweigh the help.

At the time, I thought that he was being only polite, substituting euphemism for realism. After all, I had come to help . . . to help lift the rural Philippines toward the 20th century. It now seems hard to believe that it took me two years to see just how right he was.

For as I began—indeed, was forced to begin—to understand people of another land, I began to understand myself. As I struggled with the culture of another nation, I wrestled with that of my own. Slowly, painfully, a new awareness came.

It has not brought peace of mind, for it has identified and strengthened ideals which make compromise uncomfortable. But with understanding has come determination to make those ideals work and, I hope, the common sense to know where to apply them.

It is hard to say just what has happened to me, to identify the change and its process. Phrases like "the dignity of man" and "all men are created equal" leap to mind, but I'm uncomfortable with them. All I know is that the Peace Corps gave me the opportunity to find a belief in the American creed, to understand the meaning of freedom. I had had no idea it would happen, but I think that John Kennedy did.

Only now can I see where his real greatness lay.

—Duncan Yaggy

A Communication

The following letter was printed in the Washington Post of Nov. 25, 1963. Its author is a professor of economics at Harvard and a former ambassador to India.

By John Kenneth Galbraith

In these last few hours hundreds, thousands of men have tried to write about John F. Kennedy. This is not wholly a ritual of the modern newspaper, one of the final rites of the great. Millions of people on this dark and sombre weekend want to read of, and then to reflect on this man who was so profoundly a part of their lives. This wish the papers are seeking to serve.

My justification for this brief word is not that of a friend but of a writer who knew the President a trifle better than most of those who must tell of him in these days.

No one knew the President well. In a sense no one could for it is part of the character of a leader that he cannot be known. The rest of us can indulge our moments when we open the shutters to our soul. We are granted also our moments of despair—the despair, indeed, that we felt on Friday when that incredible flash came in from Dallas. But a Kennedy or a Roosevelt can never turn the palms of his hands outward to the world and say: "Oh God. What do we do now?" That armor which insures confidence in power and certainty in command may never be removed even for a moment. No one ever knew John F. Kennedy as other men are known.

But he carried his armor lightly and with grace and, one sometimes thought, with the knowledge that having it without escape, at least it need not be a barrier before his friends and associates. He surprised even friends with the easy candor with which he spoke of touchy problems, half-formed plans, or personal political dangers. Without malice or pettiness he contemplated the strengths and weaknesses of high officials and influential politicians. He was constantly and richly amused by the vanities of men in high places. He freely discussed ideas the mention of which would make most men shudder. Last summer during the visit of President Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan of India, in a social moment before a formal dinner, mention was made of some woman politician. He turned and asked me why there had been so few women politicians of importance—whether women were poorly adapted to the political art. Here surely was a politically ticklish subject; women are half the voting population and might not react well to wonder at their political shortcomings. I struggled to come up with examples—the first Elizabeth, Mrs. F.D.R., one or two others. The President admitted of the exceptions but good humoredly returned to the rule. He knew he could discuss an interesting point without anyone proceeding to argue that he was against the Nineteenth Amendment.

"The political campaign won't tire me," he said in the spring of 1960, "for I have an advantage. I can be myself." He had learned one of the hardest lessons of life which is that we all have far more liberty than we use. And he knew beyond this, that others because they admired it would respect the informality with which he passed through life. No President ever said so much to so many friends and acquaintances and so rarely had to disavow or explain.

John F. Kennedy was much interested in writing. This, I think, provides one small clue to understanding. Good writing requires a sense of economy and of style and the absence of vanity which allows a man to divorce his writing at least a little from himself. A writer can be interesting when he is speaking to others; he is rarely if ever interesting, when he is speaking to himself except to himself.

Mr. Kennedy hated verbosity. Though he rejoiced in politics he hated the wordiness of the political craft. He never, at least in his adult life, opened his mouth without having something to say. Never even in conversation did he speak for the pleasure of hearing his own words and phrases. Many of us have a diminished

John F. Kennedy and the Peace Corps Idea

The first mention of the Peace Corps idea was made by the then Senator Kennedy in a campaign speech Oct. 14, 1960, at the University of Michigan:

"How many of you are willing to spend 10 years in Africa or Latin America or Asia working for the U.S. and working for freedom? How many of you [who] are going to be doctors are willing to spend your days in Ghana? Technicians or engineers: how many of you are willing to work in the Foreign Service and spend your lives travelling around the world? On your willingness to do that, not merely to serve one or two years in the service, but on your willingness to contribute part of your life to this country I think will depend the answer whether we as a free society can compete. I think we can, and I think Americans are willing to contribute. But the effort must be far greater than we have made in the past. And therefore I am delighted to come to Michigan, this university, because unless we have those resources in this school, unless you are willing to make this sacrifice, this country cannot possibly move ahead during the next 10 years in our period of relative strength."

The idea first took solid form in a speech entitled "Staffing a Foreign Policy for Peace" made by Senator Kennedy on Nov. 2, 1960, at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Among its proposals was one for the establishment of a "peace corps":

"Think of the wonders skilled American personnel could work, building goodwill, building the peace. There is not enough money in all America to relieve the misery of the undeveloped world in a giant and endless soup kitchen. But there is enough know-how and enough knowledgeable people to help those nations help themselves.

"I therefore propose that our inadequate efforts in this area be supplemented by a 'peace corps' of talented young men willing and able to serve their country in this fashion for three years as an alternative to peace-time selective service—well-qualified through rigorous standards—well-trained in the language, skills and customs they will need to know—and directed and paid by the ICA-Point Four agencies. We cannot discontinue training our young men as soldiers of war—but we also need them as 'ambassadors of peace.'

"This would be a volunteer corps—and volunteers would be sought among talented young women as well—and from every race and walk of life. For this nation is full of young people eager to serve the cause of peace in the most useful way.

"I have met them on campaigns across the country. When I suggested at the University of Michigan lately that we needed young men and women willing to give up a few years to serve their country in this fashion, the students proposed a new organization to promote such an effort. Others have indicated a similar response—offering a tremendous pool of talent that could work modern miracles for peace in dozens of underdeveloped nations."

On Mar. 1, 1961, President Kennedy established the Peace Corps on a pilot basis by executive order. In a message to Congress

interest in the words of others. Mr. Kennedy was the rare case of the man who applied the rules with equal rigor against himself.

The Kennedy style, though it involved detachment from self, involved no self-deprecation. In the early years when he was enlisting followers, he did not offer a program for universal salvation. He was suspicious of all resonant formulae from whatever source—he rightly regarded some of the liturgy of American liberalism as corrupt. It is trundled out at election time as once were the candidate's trains, urged in a torrent of words and then put away for four years. His case again had the merit of candor. He said, essentially, I am a man worth following, you can count on me to be honestly better at the art of government than any other possible contender, and, an important detail, I know how to get elected.

That he was qualified in the art of government there will never be any question. His style called for unremitting good taste and good manners. It called also for a profound commitment to information and reason. He did not think that man had been civilized as an afterthought; he believed it was for a purpose. Perhaps there are natural men, those who have the original gift of art and insight. Mr. Kennedy without being so rude as to say so would believe such pretension to be an excuse for laziness. His reliance was on what men had learned and had come to know. What Mr. Kennedy had come to know about the art and substance of American Government was prodigious. I first knew Jack Kennedy 25 years ago when I was a comparatively young tutor and he was an undergraduate in Winthrop House at Harvard. He was gay, charming, irreverent, good-looking and far from diligent. What no one knew at the time was that he had the priceless notion that education never stops. Some of us who later worked with him on economic issues—farm policy, interest rates, Federal Reserve policy, the control of inflation, other arcane or technical matters—used to say that we had observed three stages in his career in the House and more particularly in the Senate: The first was when he called up to ask how we thought he should vote; the second was when he telephoned to ask 15 or 20 quick questions as to what lay behind the particular action or measure; the third was when he did not call at all or inquired as to why, as he had gleaned from an article or a letter to *The Times*, we seemed to be acting on some misinformation. My colleague, Prof. Carl Kaysen, who has worked in the White House these last years, has said that when asked who is the most knowledgeable of the President's advisers he always felt obliged to remind his questioner that none was half so well-informed as the President himself.

Mr. Kennedy knew that knowledge was power; no one, of course, will ever imagine that this was his sole reliance. Knowledge without character is worthless—or worse.

Departments and individuals, in approaching the President, invariably emphasize the matters which impress them most. Mr. Kennedy knew how to make the appropriate discounts without anyone quite realizing they were being made. He had a natural sense for all of the variables in a problem; he would not be carried away by anyone.

Like all men of deep intelligence, he respected the intelligence of others. That was why he did not talk down to the American people; it was why he was contemptuous of the arm-waving circus posturing of the American politician which so many American newspapermen so much admire right up to the moment of final defeat.

The President faced a speaker with his wide gray-blue eyes and total concentration. So also a paper or an article. And, so far as one could tell, once it was his it was his forever. This, of course, was not all.

Knowledge is power. But knowledge without character and wisdom is nothing, or worse. These the President also had, and also the highly practical capacity to see when part of an argument, being advanced by a department, bureau or zealot, was being presented as the whole. But I come back to the grasp of issues, the breadth of information and the power of concentration. Perhaps these come naturally. I suspect, in fact, that few men in history have ever combined natural ability with such powers of mental self-discipline.

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recommending that Congress establish the Peace Corps on a permanent basis, President Kennedy made these points:

"Throughout the world the people of the newly developing nations are struggling for economic and social progress which reflects their deepest desires. Our own freedom, and the future of freedom around the world, depend, in a very real sense, on their ability to build growing and independent nations where men can live in dignity, liberated from the bonds of hunger, ignorance and poverty. * * *

"The vast task of economic development urgently requires skilled people to do the work of the society—to help teach in the schools, construct development projects, demonstrate modern methods of sanitation in the villages, and perform a hundred other tasks calling for training and advanced knowledge.

"To meet this urgent need for skilled manpower we are proposing the establishment of a Peace Corps—an organization which will recruit and train American volunteers, sending them abroad to work with the people of other nations. * * *

"Length of service in the corps will vary depending on the kind of project and the country, generally ranging from two to three years.* * * Service with the Peace Corps will not exempt volunteers from Selective Service. * * *

"The benefits of the Peace Corps will not be limited to the countries in which it serves. Our own young men and women will be enriched by the experience of living and working in foreign lands. They will have acquired new skills and experience which will aid them in their future careers and add to our own country's supply of trained personnel and teachers. They will return better able to assume the responsibilities of American citizenship and with greater understanding of our global responsibilities.

"Although this is an American Peace Corps, the problem of world development is not just an American problem. Let us hope that other nations will mobilize the spirit and energies and skill of their people in some form of Peace Corps—making our own effort only one step in a major international effort to increase the welfare of all men and improve understanding among nations."

The Peace Corps Act was passed by Congress, and on Sept. 22, 1961, was signed by the President in the presence of senators and

representatives who had supported the bill in its progress through the legislative process.
In his State of the Union message on Jan. 11, 1962, President Kennedy noted:

"A newly conceived Peace Corps is winning friends and helping people in 14 countries—supplying trained and dedicated young men and women to give these new nations a hand in building a society and a glimpse of the best that is in our country. If there is a problem here, it is that we cannot supply the spontaneous and mounting demand."

As the Peace Corps approached its first birthday, President Kennedy told Congress in a letter of Feb. 26, 1962:

"The overwhelming response to this program in actual operation abroad makes further expansion both necessary and desirable. Volunteers have been welcomed with friendliness and affection in every one of the villages, towns, factories, and hospitals to which they have gone to share their skills with the peoples of less-developed nations.

"In many instances, Peace Corps Volunteers are working where no American has lived or even travelled. * * *

"As an extra bonus to our own country, Peace Corps graduates will constitute an invaluable addition to the very limited pool of trained manpower in our own country with this kind of constructive overseas experience, and I have no doubt that many of them will go on to make still further contributions to their country in the Foreign Service and other posts."

On June 14, 1963, the anniversary of the selection of the first 12 Peace Corps Volunteers, President Kennedy spoke to the Peace Corps staff, gathered in the auditorium of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce across the street from the Washington headquarters of the Peace Corps. On hand, too, were about a hundred prospective Volunteers, then in training in Washington for service in Nepal and Afghanistan:

"I never thought I'd get such a warm hand in the Chamber of Commerce; I don't think I ever will again. I wanted to come over here this morning to express my great appreciation to you for all that you've done to make the Peace Corps such an important part of the life of America and the—though I hate to use this word which we've inherited from other days—the image of America overseas. I don't think it's altogether fair to say that I handed Sarge a lemon from which he made lemonade, but I do think that he was handed and you were handed one of the most sensitive and difficult assignments which any administrative group in Washington has been given almost in a century.

"The concept of the Peace Corps was entirely new. It was subjected to a great deal of criticism at the beginning. If it had not been done with such great care, and really in a sense, loving and prideful care, it could have defeated a great purpose and could have set back the whole cause of public service internationally for a good many years. That it has turned out to be the success that it has been, has been due to the tireless work of Sargent Shriver and to all of you who have brought to government service a sense of morale and a sense of enthusiasm and, really, commitment, which has been absent from too many governmental agencies for too many years. So that while the Peace Corpsmen overseas have rendered unusual service, those of you who have worked to make this a success here in Washington, I think, have set an example for government service which I hope will be infectious.

"Government service should be in these days, when so much depends upon the United States, the most prideful of all careers. To serve in the United States Government, to be a public employee, to be a bureaucrat in the critical sense—that should be the greatest source of satisfaction to any American. I hope that when the times are written, and when we have moved on to other work, inevitably, that the sense of having worked in the Government during important days will be the greatest source of pride to all of us. * * *

"To be able to make a maximum effort to serve peace in a time of maximum danger I would consider the most satisfactory of human experiences. * * *"

On Oct. 10, 1962, the representatives of 43 countries convened at San Juan, Puerto Rico, to discuss the world shortage of middle-level manpower—that is, persons holding those skills with which many Peace Corps projects are concerned: teachers, nurses, surveyors, mechanics, community-development workers, and laboratory technicians. Most economists believe that the scarcity of these skills is the principal obstacle to economic progress in emerging countries. To the Puerto Rico delegates, President Kennedy sent this message:

"Not only is this conference one of the largest ever held on any aspect of economic development, it is also one of the most significant. You will consider the means of establishing the human base on which economic and social development must rest.

"I am particularly gratified that these international deliberations have been sponsored by the United States Peace Corps. The Peace Corps represents in a clear and dramatic way the desire of American men and women to share in the task of improving the welfare of the world's people. They have shown a dedication to service in the Peace Corps which transcends national boundaries and policies to strike the common chord of hope for all humanity."

In his second State of the Union message, delivered on Jan. 14, 1963, President Kennedy called for another kind of expansion of the Peace Corps idea:

"The overseas success of our Peace Corps volunteers, most of them young men and women carrying skills and ideals to needy people, suggests the merit of a similar corps serving our own community needs: in mental hospitals, on Indian reservations, in centers for the aged or for young delinquents, in schools for the illiterate or the handicapped. As the idealism of our youth has served world peace, so can it serve the domestic tranquillity."

Out of the Middle-Level Manpower Conference grew the International Peace Corps Secretariat, a small body set up to assist in the establishment or expansion of national voluntary-service groups in programs like those of the Peace Corps. (President Kennedy had projected such expansion in his message to Congress on Mar. 1, 1961.) About a dozen countries now have such service organizations for projects at home or abroad. President Kennedy was present for the inauguration of one of them: West Germany's Development Service. At Bonn, on June 24, 1963, to officials and to young Germans interested in the new organization, he predicted:

"I cannot think of any people that can serve this cause with greater success and more devotion than the German people. I believe that you are greatly needed. * * *

"Germans will find their reward not here, pursuing their private pursuits, but in some far-off country."

In his first speech before Congress, on Nov. 27, 1963, five days after the assassination of President Kennedy, President Lyndon Johnson had this to say of his predecessor:

"The dream of conquering the vastness of space—the dream of partnership across the Atlantic—and across the Pacific as well—the dream of a Peace Corps in less-developed nations—the dream of education for all of our children—the dream of jobs for all who seek them and need them—the dream of care for our elderly—the dream of an all-out attack on mental illness—and above all, the dream of equal rights for all Americans, whatever their race or color—these and other American dreams have been vitalized by his drive and by his dedication."

Trainees Try Out Their French On Two-Week Stay in Canada

Twenty-six Volunteers now in the West African Republic of Guinea, where French is the official language, had the advantage of spending some training time in French-speaking Canada.

As Peace Corps trainees in a program directed by the Experiment in International Living at Putney, Vt., the men and women spent two weeks in Montreal, Canada's largest city, living with French-speaking families and studying the language five hours daily at McGill University.

Earlier, the trainees spent two weeks at the University of Vermont for classroom instruction in agricultural specialties. In addition, many in the group underwent physical conditioning at a Peace Corps camp in Puerto Rico.

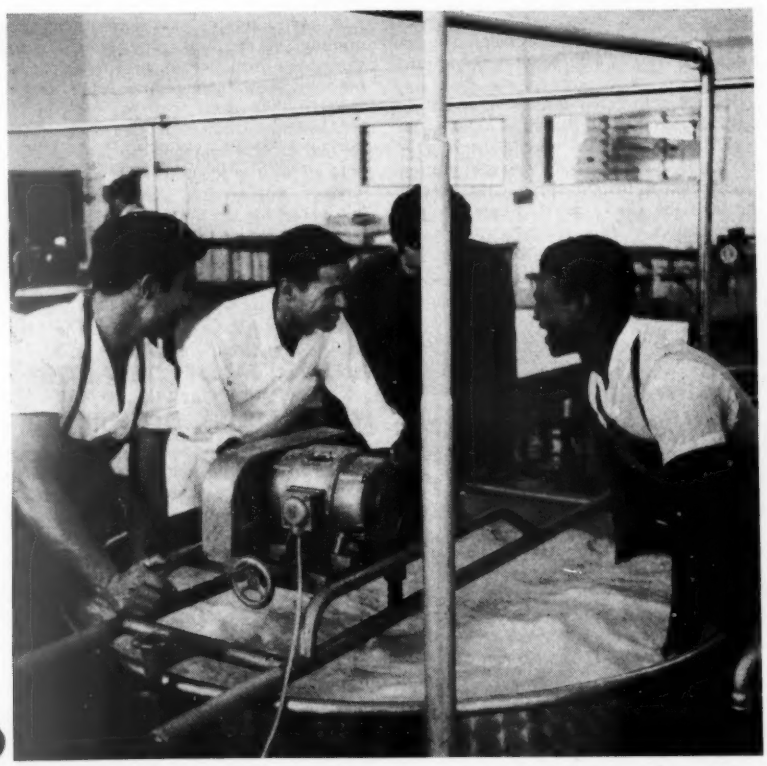
The Guinea agricultural program was the eighth project to train with the Experiment in International Living.

The 26 new Volunteers left the U.S. Nov. 3 for their assignments. Several others bound for Guinea stayed behind for additional language training in the U.S. Skill categories of the group include women social assistants, rural engineers, animal-husbandry specialists, mechanics, agronomists, foresters, a general farming specialist, and a chemistry teacher. The agriculture project joins 24 other Volunteers in Guinea since October in an English-teaching program.

The principal aim of the new project is to offer to the main agricultural areas of Guinea some Volunteers with experience in field and vegetable crops, animal husbandry, soil science, farm-equipment maintenance, and forest-products utilization.

Guinea, with an estimated population of three million, occupies an area about the size of Colorado. It lies between Sierra Leone and Portuguese Guinea on the African west coast. Until 1958 it was an overseas territory of France.

Guinea now is nearing the end of a Three-Year Plan which called for $40 million to be set aside for agricultural development. At least 90 per cent of its people are dependent on agriculture, horticulture, and animal husbandry for their livelihood. Most live at subsistence level, using primitive tools and methods to work small plots of land.



ELBOW-DEEP IN CURDS AND WHEY, workers at a co-operative cheese factory in Cyprus have a laugh with David Hoyer (second from left) of Wilmington, Del., a dairy technologist who has helped to set up and operate the factory as well as assisting to market and promote the products.

House Votes Authorization For '63 Funds

The House of Representatives has authorized the full $102 million budget sought by the Peace Corps for the fiscal year that began last July 1.

Three attempts to reduce the authorization during House debate on the measure were defeated. The bill was then passed by a voice vote and sent to the Senate, where chances for passage are believed good.

The actual money to run the Peace Corps must be appropriated in separate congressional action. The $102 million authorized by the House is an increase of $43 million over the amount appropriated for the last fiscal year.

In other congressional action, the Senate by a vote of 75-16 specifically excluded the Peace Corps from the conditions of the Hickenlooper Amendment. The amendment automatically terminates most other American overseas programs in countries where an expropriation of American property has taken place without compensation.

Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver viewed the action as a significant indication of the Senate's awareness of the "unique nature" of the Peace Corps.

"It separates the Peace Corps philosophically from other forms of overseas operations such as military assistance, economic assistance, and diplomatic representation," he said.

"It embodies in law the spirit of Secretary Rusk's famous phrase: 'The Peace Corps is not an instrument *of* foreign policy because to make it so would rob it of its contribution *to* foreign policy.'"

CARE Aide Dies At 28 in Colombia

Charles H. Bell, assistant CARE representative for the Peace Corps/CARE community-development project in Colombia, died Nov. 17 in Bogotá of a heart attack. He was 28.

Through his personal warmth and his dedication to the work, he had earned the respect of the Volunteers and the Peace Corps staff.

Bell was a graduate of the University of Georgia and of the American Institute for Foreign Trade in Phoenix, Ariz. Before joining CARE, he had held an administrative post with the University of Georgia Center for Continuing Education.

He was buried near Athens, Ga., where he had grown up. He is survived by his wife, Marian, and a daughter.

Another Opinion

British Volunteer Likes Being in Small Unit

The following article appeared Oct. 13. It is (c) 1963 by the New York Times Co. Reprinted by permission.

By Lawrence Fellows

LONDON, Oct. 12—The British equivalent of the United States Peace Corps may have a special advantage in being so small that nobody seems to notice it.

This, at least, is a suggestion put forward tentatively by Maxine Ridell, a 19-year-old volunteer who has just returned from a year in Malaya, teaching and helping to care for 79 blind children.

"Oh, I remember when a Peace Corps group arrived in Malaya," she said. "No one would allow them to do any work. They hated it, but everybody was doing things for them.

"I was lucky enough to get along without really being noticed," she added.

The British organization that arranged for Miss Ridell's year of voluntary work in Malaya, called Voluntary Service Overseas, was in the field before the United States Peace Corps.

The British organization was founded in 1958, like the Peace Corps after it, as a creative outlet for the idealism and spirit of adventure which strongly moves a portion of young people everywhere.

The V.S.O. started with 18 volunteers in four Commonwealth countries. Now 320 young people, 70 of them women, are spending a year abroad, their generous impulses harnessed to the needs of 53 countries short of teachers and technicians.

But it is beginning to endure criticism in Parliament and elsewhere for lagging so far behind the Peace Corps, which now has nearly 5,000 volunteers doing two years of voluntary service abroad, and plans to have 9,000 of them in 47 countries by January.

The main objection within the British organization to growth to that sort of scope is that it would need a great deal more support than it has now from the Government.

The British are sensitive to accusations that they are returning to colonialism. In smallness, it is argued here, there is less danger that Voluntary Service Overseas will be judged a conspicuously national movement with some political purpose.

It gets help from the Government in several ways. The British Council, an organization financed mainly from public funds and charged with promoting knowledge of Britain abroad, screens all the jobs the needy governments ask the organization to fill.

The British Council also recruits the university graduates who are sent out as volunteers, although V.S.O. does its own recruiting of secondary-school graduates, industrial apprentices and police cadets who comprise by far the larger proportion of volunteers.

Where it can be managed without extra expense or trouble, the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force provide transportation for the volunteers.

Finally, the Department of Technical Co-operation gives subsidies to Voluntary Service Overseas to cover about a third of the organization's cost in sending out all but the university graduates, and about half the organization's cost in sending the graduates. The secondary-school graduates cost V.S.O. the equivalent of between $11,000 and $12,000, on the average. The university graduates cost twice as much.

The rest of the money Voluntary Service Overseas needs comes from foundations and trusts, towns, churches and various associations. The local police authorities sponsor their police cadets in the hopes that they will learn something valuable from a year, say, as an instructor at a reformatory in Uganda or Sierra Leone.

A manufacturer will sponsor an apprentice in the hope that he will gain something from working as a mechanic for a medical team in the Aden hinterland.

Voluntary Service Overseas undertakes to deliver its volunteer to the nearest port of entry, insured and with return passage guaranteed. The Government that asked for the volunteer takes care of his food and lodging and general welfare, and gives him pocket money, which can be as little as $3 a week.

VITA Offers Help To New Services

VITA has recently offered its services to national voluntary organizations of those dozen countries with services resembling the Peace Corps and working abroad or at home.

VITA (Volunteers for International Technical Assistance) is a nonprofit organization of scientists and engineers devoted to helping those working to raise living standards in underdeveloped lands.

From the early days of the Peace Corps, VITA experts have given free advice on technical problems confronting Volunteers. VITA's address is 1206 State St., Schenectady 4, N.Y.

BASEBALL GAME using hand-carved bats was organized by Jack Soldate (left) of Corona, Cal., and Bob Sadler of Gatesville, Tex., among their students at Bopolu School in northwestern Liberia. Visitors to Bopolu usually arrive by plane; the overland trail takes three days by Jeep.

Dutch Volunteers Depart for Service In West Cameroon

Three European countries have been in the news with activities concerning their own "Peace Corps."

In mid-November 12 men and 12 women of the Netherlands Jongeren Vrijwilligers Programma departed for Africa to work in agricultural extension, home economics, recreation, health, crafts, and local administration in West Cameroon.

In France, the National Assembly appropriated the equivalent of $1 million to finance a pilot program of rural-development volunteer workers for Africa.

In Norway, a score of volunteers in Fredskorps departed in December for work in the East African country of Uganda.

CHRISTMAS CHOIR is one of several raised in Caracas *barrios* by social workers and Y Volunteers. Here Volunteer Nieves talks to singer and musician on his weekly YMCA video show.

BEFORE AIR TIME of TV show featuring meeting of Ceiba YMCA, Volunteer Rafael Nieves had a word with his boys to bolster their confidence. Nieves and another Volunteer organized Ceiba Y.

YMCA Takes To The Air In Venezuela

Before joining the Venezuela YMCA project, Rafael Nieves held a job in Chicago as a social worker and produced and moderated a Spanish-language radio program for Puerto Ricans. Rafael was himself born in Puerto Rico and studied drama at the University of Puerto Rico. After moving to Chicago, he studied speech and radio at Loyola University, Columbia College, and Midwestern School of Broadcasting.

By Rafael Nieves

Ever since I first applied to the Peace Corps, I had in mind setting up an educational television program. I had always thought that TV was one of the best ways to educate and stimulate large numbers of people.

About a year ago I visited the Televisora Nacional in Caracas, a government station. After exchanging ideas with the director, explaining to him what my job as a Peace Corps Volunteer in youth work was, as well as some background of the Peace Corps in general, and telling him about my experience in Puerto Rico and Chicago in broadcasting, he agreed to give me 30 minutes each Thursday at 6:30 p.m. In February, I went on the air with "La YMCA y Sus Muchachos" (the YMCA and Its Boys), bringing underprivileged children from the *barrios* of Caracas to sing, dance, and discuss their weekly club activities. I am writer, producer, and announcer.

Meetings of two YMCA clubs which Bob Venator (Ottumwa, Iowa) and I organized in Petare, a slum area five miles from Caracas, were televised. We had introduced parliamentary procedures to the boys in order to teach them discipline and order, and we thought that putting the meetings on TV might be useful. On the show featuring Club YMCA Ceiba, the chilren were a great success, and we received many letters of congratulation, including some from teachers and social workers.

On the second show, this one put on by Club YMCA El Morro, the boys mentioned that they lacked a recreation center where they could play baseball, volleyball, and basketball. While the program was still on the air, a phone call came from a man who said he was so impressed by the meeting that he would donate land and build a playground, recreation building, and fence. At the present, the boys are levelling the ground in their free time. The land has been surveyed and a plan is being drawn up. The members will name the club for the donor: Centro YMCA—Octavio Suarez.

A highlight of another program was the dramatization by five children of a first-aid demonstration. The five played leapfrog; one jumper fell and pretended he had broken his leg. The other children immobilized the leg, took off their shirts and, with two pieces of wood, improvised a stretcher, on which they took the "victim" away for treatment. During the demonstration, another child, off camera, explained the procedure step by step to TV viewers.

One of my biggest satisfactions involves a boy whom I met just a week after my arrival in Venezuela in June, 1962. Accompanied by Bob Venator and four other YMCA Volunteers, I went to visit the Boystown for orphans in Guarenas, 30 miles from Caracas. Padre Alfonzo Baz, the director, showed us all over the school, and we stayed for dinner with the children. At the padre's suggestion I talked to the children about the Peace Corps and our reasons for joining it and coming to Venezuela.

Afterward, they put on a program and sang. A shy little boy of 11 named Freddy, who had come from the back country six years earlier, sang "Lamento Borincano," an all-time-favorite Puerto Rican folk song, which he dedicated to me.

On my way home I had Freddy's song in my thoughts, but I had no idea how I could help him.

A year later I went back to Boystown, talked to Padre Baz and the children and asked if they wanted to be on the TV program. Did they! They soon started rehearsing and a week later went on the air.

Freddy had prepared "Lamento Borincano" and two other songs. I introduced him as a singer with a future but as an orphan who needed the aid of any listener who could help him.

Once he had started singing, Freddy lost his shyness and performed like a

(Continued on page 24)

Mother in Tanganyika, Son in Philippines

With the departure overseas in November of the third group of Tanganyika Volunteers, the Peace Corps has found itself with a parent-child combination serving as Volunteers.

Mrs. Janet Abeles departed for East Africa with a group of teachers. She had attended Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., in the late '20s and then a few years ago took an M.A. in education from Newark State College, Union, N.J.

Her son, Peter, went abroad in August as a co-teacher with the eighth project for the Philippines. He received a B.A. in history from Bucknell earlier this year.

How did they happen to join the Peace Corps?

"I thought of it first," Mrs. Abeles said just before enplaning. "I applied the day before Peter did."

Their permanent residence is Chester, N.J.

SABAH/SARAWAK

Even in these days of fast and easy international travel the island of Borneo, which has two Peace Corps projects in neighboring Malaysian states, seems pretty wild and remote.

But suppose, for a moment, that you are a visitor to Peace Corps/Sarawak. Contrary to your likely expectations, you land in a jetliner at a modern airport. You travel over an all-weather road to Kuching, a clean and modern city with a maximum of tropical greenery and a minimum of hot concrete (its small-town atmosphere belies its population of 60,000). You register at a hotel and, if the time is right, have lunch in a stately dining room, amid flowers and music, where the menu lists over 100 entrees, all available in minutes and all delicious.

You also probably begin wondering where you are. Is this really Sarawak, the legendary land of the White Rajahs, of cheerful head-hunters and lovely Dayak princesses, of heathen pirates sweeping the coasts and great tidal rivers in war *prahus* of a hundred oars, of tribal uprisings fought in the dark, jungle night with the silent efficiency of blowguns and razor-sharp *parangs?*

As you meet Volunteers stationed in or near Kuching, the capital, your suspicions of being in the wrong place will increase. Take, for instance, the situation of three Volunteer teachers at Dragon School, 24 miles out on the trunk road to Simanggang. Dragon School is part of an intensive effort by the Dept. of Education to provide universal public secondary education. It boasts the latest in classroom, laboratory, and recreational facilities, and is well staffed by Sarawakian, Colombo Plan, and Peace Corps teachers. Staff housing is modest but pleasant and comfortable; the Volunteers can hardly claim to be roughing it.

Eleven more Volunteer teachers are stationed in Sarawak, nine at Government secondary schools and two as travelling instructors in the new Peake Course, a method of teaching English now being introduced in the primary schools. Although isolated, and in many cases short of books and teaching aids, Volunteer teachers find themselves in situations which are surprisingly up-to-date and not at all typical of the western conception of the "wilds of Borneo."

You need not go far beyond Dragon School, however, to have your faith in Sarawak as a land of rugged adventure restored. Nine miles down the road a 4-H Volunteer Leader lives with a Dayak family in Rayang in an *atap* (thatch) house on stilts. He is one of 10 Volunteers working to develop a 4-H club program in Sarawak. Co-ordinated by the Dept. of Agriculture and an overseas representative for the Agricultural Technical Assistance Foundation, the program is still young but it has made rapid progress. Each Volunteer is currently responsible for six to eight 4-H clubs based on schools, *kampongs* (villages), or longhouses.

By longboat, Chinese launch, speedboat, motorbike, and on foot, the 4-H Volunteers penetrate far into the *ulu* (jungle) where the once fierce Ibans

The sun set on two more parts of the old British Empire last Sept. 16 as the crown colonies of North Borneo and Sarawak joined Singapore State and the 11-state Federation of Malaya in forming the Federation of Malaysia. North Borneo is now called Sabah and is a state in the new federation, as are Sarawak, Singapore, and Malaya. The Sultanate of Brunei, a twin enclave within Sarawak, was invited but declined to join the federation.

Sabah occupies an area about the size of South Carolina. It lies on the northern tip of Borneo, the third-largest island in the world, and is roughly equidistant from Singapore, Saigon, and Manila. Sabah's population in 1961 was estimated at 460,000, including 100,000 Chinese and some 2000 Europeans.

Sarawak, about equal in area to New York State, lies along the northwest coast of Borneo. Its population in 1960 was estimated at 745,000. Most of the people of Sarawak are Dayaks, Malays, Malanus, and Muruts, plus some 300,000 Chinese and about 1500 Europeans.

Sarawak was ruled for 100 years by the "White Rajahs"—James Brooke, an Englishman, and his heirs; Brooke received the territory in 1841 after helping the Sultan of Brunei to put down a rebellion; the sultan in appreciation presented Sarawak, then part of his holdings, to Brooke. In 1946, the ruling rajah ceded Sarawak to Britain. North Borneo came under British control in the mid-1800s and in 1946 became a crown colony.

ROOFING FROM SAGO PALM is thatched by Land Dayak in Rayang, Sarawak, as he secures leaves with rattan. Volunteer Gary McMurry (Longview, Wash.) lives here with Dayak family.

A DRAGON IN THE STREETS of Jesselton was photographed by Volunteer Jesse Joseph Zellner (Nashville) during Chinese New Year celebration. Sabah has 100,000 Chinese residents.

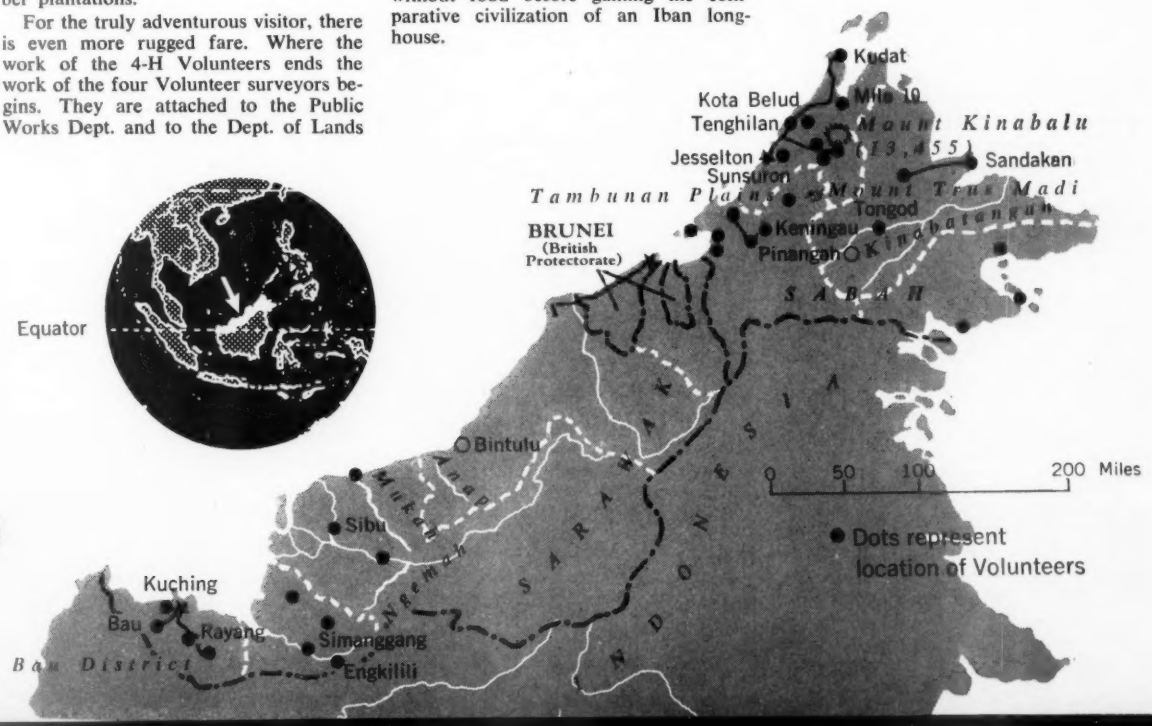
EVERYONE SMILED on cue in this happy portrait of a Jesselton Middle School class. Volunteer Zellner, who teaches English here, stands in back of room (dark shirt) with local teacher.

live in longhouses festooned with human skulls, grisly war prizes taken within living memory. Accustomed now to decades of beneficent European rule, the Ibans remain open to the white man's influence.

Their hospitality is legendary, demanding of the visitor only a graceful job of downing large bowls of *tuac* (rice wine). Most Volunteers have passed the test with great skill. One 4-H Volunteer is the adopted son of an Iban *pengulu* (district chieftain) and holds the affections of the people of several longhouses on the Ngemah River for his work with 4-H clubs, gardens, fish ponds, and rubber plantations.

For the truly adventurous visitor, there is even more rugged fare. Where the work of the 4-H Volunteers ends the work of the four Volunteer surveyors begins. They are attached to the Public Works Dept. and to the Dept. of Lands and Surveys. Their tasks of road-reconnaissance surveys, ground-control surveys, and hydrological measurements lead them far into little-known territory. Take, for instance, one of the road surveyors. Not long ago he, along with a PWD engineer and a small work-crew, left the last longhouse on the Mukah River in search of a likely route for the trunk road from Sibu to Bintulu. He should reappear, we hope, somewhere along the Anap River, having traversed in a month about 50 miles of uninhabited, virgin jungle. On a similar trip, he miscalculated distance, ran low on supplies, and ended up walking for two days without food before gaining the comparative civilization of an Iban longhouse.

It is apparent from these few examples that the 30 Volunteers in Sarawak are well and deeply established. The recent establishment of Malaysia brings bright prospects of additional resources from the federation government for use by the efficient Sarawak state government. The recently published *Development Plan, 1964-1968* sets forth a challenging but realistic program for the future. With 35 trainees being prepared in Hawaii for service in Sarawak, and with more to follow them, the Peace Corps is in an excellent position to play an important role in the new development work.



Now suppose, since your imaginary journey has brought you as far as Sarawak, that you decide to continue on to Sabah. Considerably smaller than Sarawak but thriving all the same, the state of Sabah offers equally gracious and comfortable accommodations in the cities and differently rugged conditions in the interior. During your travels in Sabah, you will discover that there are fewer rivers serving as communications links, and you probably will spend your travel time mainly in Land-Rovers and planes.

The annals of Sabah contain their share of turbulent history: coastal overlords dominating and plundering inland areas; pirates terrorizing coastal overlords; and head-hunters of the interior respecting only their own tribal codes. But the Sabah of today, where 57 Volunteers are serving, evokes images of orderliness, industry, and progress, and has a very friendly atmosphere.

Jesselton, the capital, was devastated during World War II but has been rebuilt into a lovely city. Its population of 25,000 is double that of prewar.

As you walk down the streets of Jesselton admiring new buildings and harbor facilities, you will inevitably run into one or more of the 10 Volunteers serving in or about the city as teachers or laboratory technologists.

All of Sabah is not, of course, like Jesselton. At the other extreme, if you fly over to Sandakan, board a launch at the mouth of the Kinabatangan River and proceed upstream for three or four days, you will arrive at the community of Tongod, where a Volunteer nurse is assigned to the small mission clinic.

Somewhere between the extremes of Jesselton and Tongod, the remaining 46 Volunteers are located: 23 as teachers, eight as nurses and social workers; eight as surveyors; and seven as agricultural workers and 4-H leaders. One Volunteer is engaged as a travelling rural-development economist, and another is a veterinarian working out of Kudat.

If you wanted to see as many of the different peoples of Sabah as your time would permit, you would probably concentrate on visiting Volunteer teachers. In Sandakan, Volunteer teachers would introduce you to their Chinese pupils and perhaps after class you would be invited to participate in the weightlifting club that one Volunteer has started. In Tenghilan, 2½ hours by car north of Jesselton, another teacher would present you to her Malay-speaking students. Or at Mile 10, 90 minutes beyond Kota Belud, you would meet a couple who teach Dusun children in a small mission school.

The multiracial nature of Sabah is one of its fascinating aspects and, in view of the harmony which exists, is one of the most significant indications of the progress which the state has made towards unification of its peoples.

The multitude of languages creates enormous difficulties in communication; thus the emphasis in providing the manifold peoples with a common language: English. Peace Corps Volunteers are assisting this effort.

Since the 1950s the country has experienced a remarkable economic boom, particularly in timber. New roads are linking cities and opening land for timber and farm development. Volunteer surveyors and agricultural workers are playing an integral role in these programs, and at the present time one surveyor is in charge of the crew building the new trunk road from Sandakan to Jesselton.

About 25 additional Volunteers are currently training in Hawaii for Sabah: mainly teachers, but also several agricultural workers. There is enough work for them and for additional Volunteers requested by the government of Sabah.

Change in a New World

Volunteer John English graduated in 1962 with a B.A. in journalism from the University of Tulsa in his home town. He is teaching school in Bundu Tuhan, Sabah.

By John English

To jump from a complacent, middle-class life in Tulsa, Okla., to a small, isolated village in the interior of Sabah in Malaysia would be a dramatic change in anyone's life. A year ago it happened to me, and today I'm still living and working in this new world.

Sabah is little known beyond its own shores. In the years since World War II, the state has quietly devoted itself to reconstructing its towns and to developing its agriculture and economy.

By present standards, Sabah is still considered an underdeveloped land. Peace Corps Volunteers assigned here are assisting to improve the over-all standard of living and to provide technical, medical, and educational aid.

This is not to say, however, that all of Sabah is underdeveloped and backward. Much progress has taken place in its cities. Jesselton and Sandakan, the two largest communities, present a striking resemblance to cities in the U.S.

If a tourist visited only the cities, he would get an inaccurate impression of this country, its people, and way of life.

The Chinese merchants who live along the coasts have big, impressive shops and enjoy modern conveniences. But most of the peoples in the interior live in a mode that has not changed much for decades. I hope to present a realistic picture of this interior. In this way perhaps I can show what it means to be underdeveloped, and explain why one idealistic American probably won't make a very big impact on the situation.

First of all, I want to describe the local standard of living. My village, by no means the poorest, is perhaps average.

A typical house is constructed from

REVIEWING COLORS is Volunteer John English as he conducts English lesson for youngsters in primary school at Bundu Tuhan, Sabah. School enrollment in Sabah has trebled in past 10 years.

local materials. The frame is built from small, crudely-hewn trees. Walls and floor are of split bamboo made into panels. The windows have no glass, just flaps that can be raised to admit sunlight and closed to keep out the rain. The roof is layers of broad leaves woven together. (Today more and more houses have sheet-metal roofing, but it is a sign of wealth and prestige.)

The house is usually without furnishings—no beds, no chairs, no sofas. In a few houses, there is a homemade kitchen table and perhaps a rickety bench. But normally everyone sits, eats, works, and sleeps on the floor.

For a wardrobe, each member of the family usually has two outfits: one an old pair of shorts and a shirt, and the other an even older set. The head of the family has a pair of long pants. He may, on occasion, wear his single pair of shoes, but his wife and children have none.

The kitchen, in the center of the house, consists of an open hearth. Its constant fires have blackened the whole interior of the house. Water is taken from the nearest stream. It's a child's duty to carry water into the home in bamboo tubes.

The typical family eats rice for every meal. Usually a big pot of rice is cooked daily for the evening meal. The leftover rice is then eaten cold for breakfast the next day. Dried salt fish, sweet potatoes, tapioca, and a handful of fresh vegetables add variety to the diet.

There is no electricity. At night a single kerosene lamp gives off a dim yellow light.

Sanitary toilet facilities are absent. Outdoor latrines were built years ago by travelling health teams but have since become mosquito-infested and are in disrepair.

Government services are few—no postmen or firemen here. There is a village constable. A small hospital with a male nurse provides the only health service. Many children die young. Once a child reaches five, though, he has a fair chance of living to 45, the present average life span, if he does not succumb to malaria, tuberculosis, or cholera, a few of the common diseases.

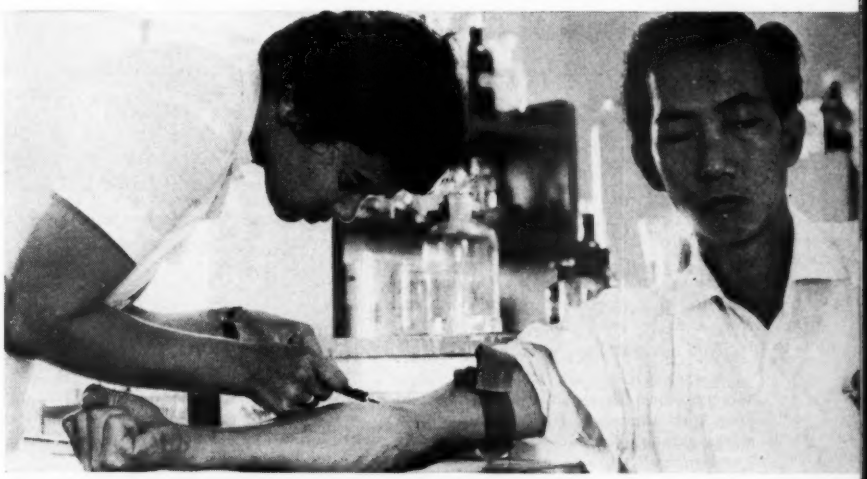
Reading Matter Scarce

Communication is all by word of mouth; few people can read, so newspapers, magazines, books are scarce. The village has a few radios, but often the broadcasts are in languages not understood in the village.

What about politics, democracy, nationalism, and international relations? They are mostly meaningless words now. It's not easy to be fervent about anti-Communism and freedom when daily energies are expended in this survival-of-the-fittest existence.

Transportation is mainly by foot. Several Jeep services operate, but roads are still no more than a single-lane track through the jungle. Small grass airfields are spotted on the plains, but flying is expensive and service irregular. During the rainy season, which lasts three or four months a year, transportation is almost at a standstill.

WEIGHT-LIFTING was set up by Volunteer Sam Duval (Northampton, Mass.) for his students in Sandakan, on east coast of Sabah. He has a degree in education from Springfield College.



TAKING A SAMPLE of blood from patient at Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Jesselton is Volunteer Nancy Bower (Worland, Wyo.), a medical technician working to modernize laboratory procedures.

Money? The economy is not based on cash. I would estimate that each family has a total annual income of $100 to $300. Cabbage and tobacco are about the only cash crops. Only one person in 30 has a job with regular income, and this averages $30 per month for an eight-hour day, six-day week.

Even then, money is not recognized as a symbol of wealth, so one must purchase water buffaloes or cows, brass gongs, or huge *tapai* jars (for storing rice beer). Recently a wristwatch has become the standard of personal status.

What about recreation? Smoking, drinking rice beer, singing, and dancing are just about all the social pleasures. The cycle of births, weddings, and deaths adds the few joys and sorrows.

A grim picture by Western standards, isn't it? The people who live in these conditions are friendly and happy. But they are not satisfied. They have observed city life and know it to be better than their own. The crux of their frustration is attainment. Little progress will be made until economic improvement and education go hand in hand through a full generation.

Rural development and settlement schemes are currently in progress. Enrollment in local schools has nearly trebled in the past 10 years, and education will become compulsory by 1971.

My role here has been in teaching English as a second (or third) language. I have had to realize, however, that in a simple society people often don't see the need for education when their lives appear to be centered around growing rice and vegetables.

Changes won't come overnight or even in a few years, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I may speed up the revolution a little. That's why I'm in the interior of Sabah today.

18 Days Out, 45 Minutes Back

Philip Peterson of Spokane, Wash., was a teacher when he joined the Peace Corps. He received a B.A. in education in 1956 at Central Washington College. His wife, Jeannie, received a B.A. in elementary education in 1961 at Washington State University.

By Philip Peterson

My friend, a Dusun teacher, and I, a newly arrived teacher of English, were sitting on the verandah of Government Primary School, Sunsuron. Our attention was fastened on the east. Rising nine thousand feet before us was Mount Trus Madi. Except for Mount Kinabalu (13,455 feet), Trus Madi is Sabah's highest peak.

"What's out there?" I said pointing to Trus Madi.

"Out there?"

"Yes, what's the country like? Are there people? Animals? Or is it what it looks like from here: a green desert?"

My friend's English is good but he was silent for a while digesting "green desert." "It's not a desert," he said. "There are people there . . . Dusuns like me. But they dress differently, don't eat rice, and are uneducated."

"And animals, are there animals?"

"Yes, a lot if you watch for them. Mostly those people hunt wild pig and grow only tapioca." He said this with a slight sign of distaste. His people, the Tambunan Plains Dusun, have been stable *padi* (rice) growers for 50 years now, ever since they stopped taking heads.

For me and—after some persuasion—for my wife, Jeannie, this conversation was all I needed. I had to go see the place myself. What I knew of the interior was scant: a high, hilly plateau, averaging three to four thousand feet, with innumerable rivers. The inland plateau, underlaid with limestone, is covered by thousands of square miles of jungle stretching almost to the coasts of Sabah and southward into Sarawak and Indonesian Borneo. Looking at maps helped to set the plan. Not too many miles from Sunsuron (or so it seemed on the map) were the headwaters of the Kinabatangan River, which flows 400 miles to the east coast of Sabah.

"We could walk a few days," I told Jeannie, "and then take a leisurely trip down the river to Sandakan." My wife, who doesn't read science fiction or believe in the Loch Ness Monster, was more realistic. "It must take longer than that," she said. "And what about the leeches?"

My friend at school was more helpful. He not only would help me plan the trip but would accompany me as well. "I know the language," he said. Shades of Edgar Rice Burroughs. I felt like Tarzan in search of the Lost Valley.

A month later my friend, a friend of his ("he knows the language, too"), Jeannie, and I started off. The first day we walked 15 miles. Jeannie's and my legs were still knotted up from Peace Corps training in Hawaii and this merely served to loosen us up a bit. (In the next few days we weren't to feel so agile.) That night, in the comparative privacy of our *sulap*, or lean-to, we looked for and found our first leeches. I heard a quick intake of breath from Jeannie: there on her foot was a leech two inches long, its sides distended as its head, imbedded in her skin, happily sucked away her life blood.

Calmly lighting a cigarette, I told Jeannie not to worry, that she couldn't even feel it, and that it would drop off when satisfied. "How long will that be?" asked Jeannie, always the pragmatist.

Touching the cigarette to the leech's tail soon dislodged it. My nonchalance was soon dispelled when we found leeches between my toes and in the upper regions of my trousers. That night I dreamed of huge beasts dropping out of trees and sucking me to a dry shell within seconds.

We soon learned to deal with the leeches; rubbing soap on our legs and taking hourly checks kept our blood level up to the mark.

4000 Feet Up

Mount Trus Madi, now to the north of us, seemed much less dominant. We were four thousand feet up. With the heavy canopy of forest above us, we were cool and comfortable.

To describe the feeling of that jungle —the utter loneliness and remoteness— is impossible. Others have written of it better than I could. Jeannie and I felt very small and unimportant and not a bit like Masters of the Animal Kingdom.

The people we met were indeed quite different from those Dusuns we had known in Sunsuron. Many had never seen Caucasians before. They practiced a way of life rare today.

Their villages are not permanent. They use the slash-and-burn method to clear jungle for farming. The soil supports crops for only a few years; then the people move on to build a new village where the cycle will begin again.

These Dusuns, still wearing the *chowat*, or loin cloth, and carrying blowpipes were the real Borneans, the type Agnes Newton Keith wrote about in *Land Below the Wind*. Aside from plucking off

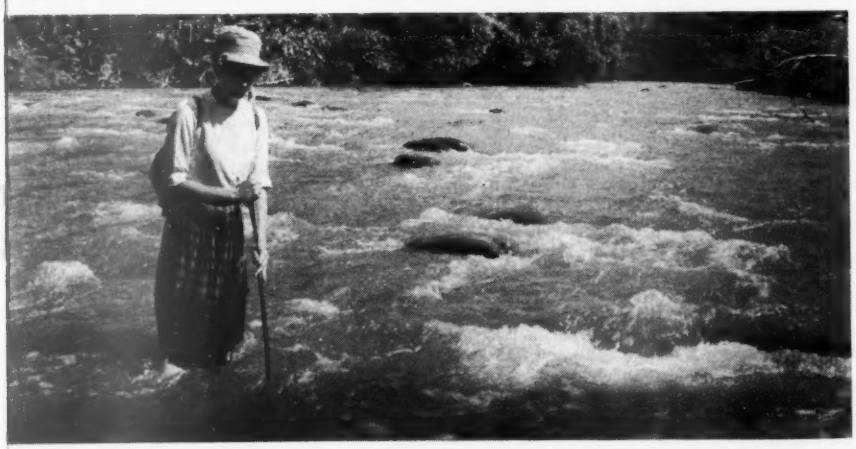
KAMPONG SCHOOL in the interior of Sabah was one of many passed by the Philip Petersons on their "few days' walk" inland, a trip which took them weeks through miles of dense jungle.

PROBING THE STREAM BED, Jeannie Peterson crosses the upper Kinabatangan River, some 10 days after leaving Sunsuron. From here the couple traveled by dugout to Sundakan, past logging camps and great jungle expanses; "The water was deep . . . There were supposed to be crocodiles, but we saw none . . . In the background was the vast quiet of the jungle."

"MAIN STREET" of Dusun *kampong* deep in Sabah interior—"Their villages are not permanent . . . The soil supports crops for only a few years; then the people move on . . ."

JEANNIE AND FRIENDS pose outside communal house. Most of the children had never seen outsiders before, but were not afraid of the travellers. Many children needed medical care.

TRAVELLER'S RESPITE is taken by Philip Peterson as he samples home-brewed beer made from tapioca, a staple food. Around him are members of 30-family communal house. "Drunkenness . . . is considered a virtue, and on more than one occasion we were asked to become quite virtuous. . . . At four villages, we were asked to take up permanent residence."



all facial hair including a good two inches of hairline and filing their teeth, the shy young women of the villages were comely. They were also efficient hostesses, forcing us to drink huge quantities of native beer made from tapioca root.

Drunkenness, to these people, is considered a virtue and on more than one occasion we were asked to become quite virtuous. Their hospitality was overpowering. At four villages, we were asked to take up permanent residence. We would have then spent the rest of our days hunting wild pig, working for short periods in our tapioca garden, and at night exploring the bottoms of the beer jars with bamboo straws. When we were able to leave a village, it was usually to the accompaniment of brass gongs and a blast or two from the village shotgun, fired to ward off evil spirits that might harm us on our journey.

Birds and Monkeys

The wildlife we encountered was mostly birds and monkeys. We saw but mostly heard the fabled hornbill as it threshed through the trees. The noise these birds make as their wings force their heavy bodies through the air is a sound quite similar to a steam train puffing along at full speed. The monkeys, too, were mostly heard but not seen, preferring to remain hidden in the trees above us. In the background was the vast quiet of the jungle.

Our "few days' walk" to the headwaters of the Kinabatangan River turned out to take nearly two weeks. After 10 days and five village welcoming and farewell parties, we finally reached a river of sufficient size to allow us to go by *prau*, or dugout canoe.

The Munga Wagu River (not on government maps) flows into the Kinabatangan River near the small river settlement of Pinangah. It was our first taste of river travel. At times the sky above us was blotted out by trees and vines while birds of every description flitted about. The water was deep, and a muddy green. There were supposed to be crocodiles, but we saw none. Again it was the overpowering quietness that most impressed us.

If we were quick, we could watch lizards slip into the river as we rounded a bend. After a day's trip on the Munga Wagu (the most pleasant of our river travel), it was another week down the Big K to Sandakan. Past Chinese logging camps, each with its Chinese shopkeeper, past miles of jungles and then another lumber camp, we arrived at the mouth or mouths of the Kinabatangan River. Across the harbor lay Sandakan.

That night real baths and a movie jarred us back into the 20th century. The next morning found us ready to depart Sandakan airport for Jesselton, a trip that would take us 45 minutes.

Every Season It's Aji

Gary McMurry is from Longview, Wash., and studied business administration at Lower Columbia College there. He is the twin of Lee McMurry, a Volunteer serving in Morocco. Gary works with 4-H clubs near Rayang, Sarawak.

By Gary McMurry

Dawn was breaking as the group of men, women, and teen-age boys and girls set out for *aji*, a word which describes field work of any nature concerning rice. The season of the year automatically defines the work: cutting the jungle for clearing, burning dried brush, planting, weeding, or harvesting.

We were to work at clearing. A *tombok* (container) hung on each back and held cooked rice and a vegetable for breakfast and lunch. Single file the 30 workers followed the narrow, well-worn path. Jewels of dew sparkled at our feet in the rays of the early sun. The wet grass hung heavily over the trail soaking the legs of the leaders. The lucky ones at the rear were comparatively dry.

The Land Dayaks of Sarawak, a good-natured people, enjoy fellowship and humor. Many of our group joked and sang. Malay and Land Dayak songs prevailed, but a few brave souls of the village 4-H club broke into "Roses Are Red." The spirit was contagious, and laughter flowed up and down the line.

After an hour we reached our destination. Men scurried about cutting down small trees for poles to make into elevated platforms on which the workers could rest and eat, away from the ants and other crawling things of the jungle floor.

Groups formed automatically. The older men sat and ate together, some puffing on a bamboo pipe. The old women chewed betel nut in their circle. Off to one side laughter and song sprang from the unmarried girls. After finishing their rice, the young men, both married and single, enjoyed horseplay. Following the meal, the owner of the future *padi* (rice) field observed the tradition of sharpening all the *parangs*, large knives used for cutting brush.

The work day is split into four sessions, two before and two after the noon meal. The morning meal comes soon after arrival at the work site.

The work sessions are separated by rest periods. During the midmorning break, the women and girls go about gathering firewood to carry home after work.

In some customs, the women of the Land Dayaks come first. The privilege is not, however, always to their advantage. Women are first to begin work in the field after the meal. They are also the first to go home at the day's end, but their early start only allows them the additional work of gathering wild vegetables, such as fern tips and bamboo shoots.

Unmarried girls enjoy one advantage in returning home a bit early: an opportunity to follow a custom known as *mpinet*. In an obvious place near the trail they clear a small area. They bury a stick or a pole four or five feet long and an inch or two in diameter horizontally just beneath the earth. They mark its location with pegs, the number of spaces between pegs indicating the number of girls who participated. Then they build a simple structure of bamboo or of some other jungle growth.

One stick is notched to hold palm-leaf cigarettes. On another hangs a piece of jewelry from each girl. On the ground below you might find four bottles of orange soda, four bananas, and four pieces of wrapped candy. Red blossoms, jungle fronds, and bright strips of cloth bedeck the upper structure. When their display is complete, the girls leave for home or hide in the jungle until the boys have discovered it and completed their part in the ritual.

Back at the work site, Litek shouted, "Mac, *mari aji!*" (Mac, return home from work). He shoved his *parang* into the wooden sheath at his waist. I slipped into the bark strap of the *tombok* and joined Taem, Ridap, and Litek. The old man owning the land led the group homeward. For each worker who helped him in his field, he or one of his household would have to give a day's labor in return. No written record is kept of the credits or debits, but somehow the score balances.

We did not walk for long until we discovered the effort of the girls. My three companions and I stopped for a rest and shared the offerings of those who arrived earlier. The question of which piece of jewelry belonged to which girl created a stir.

The selection of each necklace or bracelet was made only after careful consideration. The flowers, cloth, and visible poles were removed.

Taem handed me an extra-large *parang* and instructed me to cut the pole buried at the site. I swung and the *parang* made a clean slice through. Turn by turn, each of my companions swung at a section between the pegs. A Land Dayak who fails to cut through completely in one stroke is very embarrassed, for the girls return later to inspect the remains and judge the prowess of the men who took part.

Having possession of a girl's jewelry is ample and necessary reason for *masuh* (visiting a friend) during the evening. If the bracelet has lost its bright, golden finish, he may postpone the visit until

OFF TO GARDEN SITES at Kampong Rayang are members of Rayang and Bau 4-H clubs; Bau group, led by Volunteer Lynn Davis Patterson, travelled by truck 50 miles to visit Rayang.

PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT is taken by Rayang 4-H girl as she eats *asam paya*, a sour, tough-skinned fruit which is eaten with rock salt.

a Chinese goldsmith has renewed the finish—at a reasonable cost. In turn, the boy on his visit may take his soiled clothing and expect the girl to wash it for him.

Luckily the jewelry we reaped was all in good repair, so each fellow visited "his girl" after the evening meal. It is customary for a boy to ask one or more friends to come along if he should wish the additional company. Friends who accompanied me to "my girl's" house enjoyed coffee and idle gossip of the day's activity. The evening wore on, and we, from the effects of the day's labor, wore out.

Achew spoke up, *"Aku ira bu-us"* (I want to sleep). At this cue we all rose from the mat on which we had been sitting, expressed our thanks for a pleasant evening, and said, *"Aku, ira mari bu-us"* (I want to return home and sleep).

Outside, the boys and I parted company for our respective homes. Achew's last comment was to bid me "good dream."

STRIPPING LEAF FOR THREAD, an Iban woman sits outside longhouse at Engkilili, Sarawak, as children peer from door. Volunteer Ruth Reece below tells of attending a longhouse birth.

Birth in an Iban Longhouse

Before she joined the Peace Corps, Volunteer Ruth Reece (Powder Springs, Ga.) served as an obstetrical nurse in a small charity hospital in Independence, La., where she delivered alone more than 60 babies. A 1958 graduate of Tift College, Forsyth, Ga., with a degree in science, she earned her graduate nursing credentials in New Orleans and did graduate work in science at Tulane University. She is assigned to the Lemanak Community Development Center in Enkilili, doing health-education work among the Ibans, one of the Bornean peoples.

By Ruth Reece

It was a quiet Sunday when two young girls from the nearest longhouse came to fetch me to deliver a baby—my first such opportunity in six weeks of health work among the 13 longhouses at our community-development center.

Birth in an Iban longhouse is a community affair. Children freely come and go to satisfy their curiosity; women exchange stories of their deliveries; men perform rituals. The expectant mother is not lonely.

When I arrived, the patient was sitting on a grass mat in front of her floor-level hearth. She wore only a sarong tucked loosely around her abdomen. She held on to a strip of leather-like bark hanging from the ceiling. No expression of pain crossed her face throughout this long labor as she gave birth to her first child.

While waiting, I observed a bloodletting ceremony in the next room. A man pricked an area on the back of a prone woman. He placed a small tin lamp over the bloody spot and a jar over the lamp, as he mumbled prayers to smoke the evil spirits from her body.

Various rituals were performed on my patient. The most frequent one was this: a man took a cup of water, muttered a prayer over it, placed a knife between his teeth, bit upon it, touched it to his forehead, sipped water three times, and then had the patient repeat the same procedure, after which a woman rubbed Iban medicine upon her abdomen.

When the patient wanted a bath, gourds of water were poured over her head and she was given a dry sarong.

Women frequently pushed upon her abdomen to speed up delivery. The time finally arrived. My health assistant, who travels with me as interpreter of language as well as customs, was not with me now. I had to communicate in my elementary Iban and in sign language. As the women pushed, I "caught" the baby beneath the sarong. The women immediately began binding the mother's abdomen with long strips of the leathery bark. When they finished, the mother sat with her back to the fire. She must maintain this position for three consecutive days and nights without sleep, and for two to three weeks during the day to protect her baby against the evil spirits. (Often, a mother dozes the second or third night and her back is badly burned).

I was permitted to cut the umbilical cord with my scissors rather than with the bamboo stick customarily used. The mother poured water from gourds over the baby as she bathed it.

She handed it to me for the naming ceremony. I was supposed to have brought it a shirt or bright piece of cloth for its first covering, but I was unaware of the custom. All I had with me was my Peace Corps bandage sling, so I used that to swaddle the baby. A little egg yolk was smeared with a cock's feather on the forehead of each of us concerned with the delivery. This was followed by a drop of water.

The baby was given the Iban version of my name, "Rus." This was only a temporary name. A permanent name would not be given for three to six months, and even this could be changed if the child became ill or some bad luck affected the household.

Someone beat bamboo sticks to let those outside know the sex of the new baby. A bowl passed to solicit for donations—usually 10-cent pieces (worth about 3 cents U.S.). The money was divided among those aiding in delivery. With my coin, I bought candy at the Chinese shop on my way home.

The mother and baby progressed without any complications. I learned that the mother was not allowed to eat anything for three weeks except ginger tea and rice with salt. On the third day, when the baby's cord dried, both mother and infant bathed in the river, a practice they would continue two or three times daily unless they were sick.

On my last visit the baby still had its first swaddling clothes, the Peace Corps sling, thrown across it as it slept on its own little grass mat.

I foresee a great challenge in my health work among the Ibans, in trying to break adherence to *adats* (customs) such as these, which have been followed for countless years.

LONGHOUSE SCENE in small *kampong* deep in Sabah interior shows Dayak man at left preparing tapioca beer, while dogs of 30-family household sleep around the open-hearth fire.

My Friends the Land Dayaks

Lynn Davis Patterson (Dayton, O.) brings to her assignment as organizer in the Sabah/Sarawak 4-H project more than 10 years of 4-H club experience in the U.S., including three years as Ohio Junior Honor 4-H Leader. Before joining the Peace Corps, she served as a recreation leader for many community and college groups, and also worked as a reporter for a Xenia, O., newspaper. She attended Ohio State University until 1961, majoring in anthropology. After disastrous floods early this year in Bau District, where she works, she was commended by Sarawak officials for her role in directing relief operations and in organizing and controlling distribution of supplies dropped by parachute to the area.

By Lynn Davis Patterson

I may be less than objective, but I consider Bau District, Sarawak, one of the most fascinating places on earth. I suppose I've had that "rebirth of wonder" Ferlinghetti is waiting for, and I'm enjoying every minute of it.

Bau itself is a small bazaar populated by roughly 1000 Chinese, mainly shopkeepers and their families. The bazaar boasts three juke boxes, one stocked with today's hits, and a new bar called the Rex Cafe.

But the greatest attraction of the district is its rough limestone hills, which wind across landscape in imagination-provoking shapes. Sir Malcolm MacDonald, in his book *Borneo People*, said the hills of Bau look artificial—as if constructed to be a part of an amusement park.

As I look out my window, I can see a strange, three-pronged apparition called Fairy Hill, which rises to about 1000 feet and is a landmark at which travellers can aim when heading for the Bau bazaar. It is covered thickly with trees and vines, except for occasional patches of limestone outcrop.

At the foot of Fairy Hill lies Tai Parit, a beautiful lake which covers the site of an old, once-rich gold mine. Other mines in the district are still producing. Fairy Hill and most of the other limestone hills in the district hide caves behind their thick foliage. Lucky Dayaks who find these caves can make good money if they are willing to climb on shaky bamboo perches and collect glutinous masses of swallow nests, highly in demand as the essential ingredient in Chinese bird's nest soup. Bau District, which covers 321 square miles, has 18 registered nest caves, all owned by Land Dayaks.

Some 13,000 Land Dayaks live in Bau District. They dwell in villages of from seven to more than 100 "doors," or households. The language is of the Malayo-Polynesian group and, owing to its many guttural sounds, is not particularly pleasing to the Western ear. The Land Dayaks were isolated for so long in their own little territories, engaged in farming and simple self-preservation, that many dialect peculiarities developed among villages and groups of villages. In Bau District alone there are four main dialects, and if a Dayak from Bau were to travel 40 miles inland to Serian District, he could scarcely converse with a Land Dayak there. Peace Corps training for Sabah/Sarawak included a daily exercise in "Bazaar Malay," which was wise; the Chinese, Dayaks, and even Malays speak this corrupt form of Malayan Malay. Classical Malay just doesn't work in Sarawak.

Malay Improved

My own knowledge of Malay was helped along considerably by a family which shared my house for three months following extensive flood damage in Bau District. The man and his wife and two sons lost almost all their possessions when January rains turned the road next to their quarters into a raging river.

When the flood subsided they salvaged only a few items, including three cats and a fire extinguisher. My laundry also went up river, and my Ohio State University jacket was rescued about a mile upstream two weeks after the peak of the floods.

As a 4-H organizer, my work takes me regularly into Dayak *kampongs* in the country. The only way to get to most of the *kampongs* is by foot, and although walking in the sun is sometimes exhausting (Bau is about a degree and a half north of the equator), it can be a pleasure. The forests of Sarawak are still unspoiled and many varieties of animal, insect, and plant life abound. In the rivers swim silent fish, large tortoises, and deadly snakes. Large, brilliantly colored birds dart across foot paths and orchids hang from towering trees. Unfamiliar insects keep the air alive with sound.

Dayak kampongs are sometimes arranged in longhouse form, but more often the inhabitants have adopted separate houses. The Dayaks of Singghai Mountain, for example, a reserved and peaceful people, fled to the safety of the mountain to escape pirates and raiders many years ago. They built longhouses precariously situated on cliffs about halfway up the mountain and lived there for generations.

About five years ago, they began to move down from the mountain and now there are eight small *kampongs,* each with its own headman and all with separate houses spaced along the base of the mountain. The old longhouses stand uninhabited on the mountain side, with their ceremonial headhouses, a reminder of bygone days and the brave and bold warriors who once roamed Singghai.

It is probably true that the Land Dayaks of Singghai were never prodigious head-hunters. They were, and are, a gentle people and did their best to escape conflict with fellow inhabitants of the

Islands of Borneo. But they were head-hunters, even though some now deny it. No matter what a Dayak may say to play down the fact, somewhere in the conversation a family pride in the old tradition usually slips out.

One of the best Bau friends I have is a girl born and reared in Singghai. She is now a school teacher, and a rare example of a truly "modernized" Land Dayak. We often discuss the history of Singghai and its people. One day not long ago, we were talking about the days when the village was still on the mountain:

"And in every village, in every *kampong*, you can find a roundhouse," she began, "And in that roundhouse, you go up there and you find a lot of skulls. But just special days, for the *Bigawie*, they go inside that roundhouse. Very interesting to watch."

"What do they do?" I asked.

"I can't remember much about this. The last ceremony took place in 1952, I think. There is some special music for this ceremony. There were a lot of people during that time. And that Rajah [referring to Malcolm MacDonald and his visit in 1948] danced to the Malay drums with one of the women on the outside part—something like a verandah—for drying *padi* [rice] and so on. That place tumbled down while they were dancing."

Changes in Recent Years

"There have surely been a lot of changes in the last 10 or 15 years," I said.

"Yes, but do you believe we were head-hunters?" she asked.

"Of course," I replied.

"I don't think so, you know."

"You don't?"

"I don't think so. . . ."

"Well, where do the skulls come from?" I ventured.

"During the fighting. I don't believe that we were ever the head-hunters. I always argue that not we were the head-hunters. Because these Ibans . . . even nowadays they like to cut heads, you know."

There was a short pause as she reflected on past glories of life in the longhouse, and then, in a complete reversal, she said:

"My great-grandparents had the most heads in the longhouse. And my great-grandfather was the bravest among all the men there. He was the head of them during that time. But during the war the skulls were burned. So therefore there are only a few skulls left. Pity so few skulls left. . . . Pity they don't do that any more."

And so the drums beat and life in the jungles of Sarawak goes on.

English ad Infinitum

The classroom, as you enter from the back and proceed up to your desk, suddenly becomes still—or as still as 40 six- and seven-year-olds can be. At the front of the room, you turn and face your class, and both teacher and pupils begin a critical appraisal. For many of the children you are their first real encounter with a white person. They notice that you are almost 10 feet tall, wear glass in front of your eyes, and when you speak, fill the room with strange and fearful sounds.

For some, all this is too much. A few hide behind their desks or put both hands before their eyes while others, because of the sudden and strange encounter, feel a nervous urge to flee.

As you watch all this (in the space of just a few seconds), a smile spreads across your face—until you suddenly remember that these 40 children and another hundred just like them are to be taught English—by you!

How do you begin teaching a language that for these children doesn't exist? For some of the Peace Corps English teachers in Sabah, this problem was partially solved by being assigned to government schools which participate in a Colombo Plan English program brought from Australia. During a two-week workshop following our arrival here, we Volunteers, as well as many local teachers, observed a teaching method that had had its start at the University of Michigan just after World War II.

At Michigan, researchers "invented" a technique of language instruction long known to many teachers: the teaching of material to a class is often facilitated by presenting the material in an actual situation. Australia borrowed the idea and, after turning the theory into a workable method, began applying it to the thousands of non-English-speaking peoples immigrating yearly from Europe.

In less than two years of instruction, whole classes not only grasped the proper sounds and meaning of spoken English but also graduated almost effortlessly into reading and writing. This gradual building up of an understanding of English was directly attributable to the "situation method."

How does it work? Since new English teachers like nothing better than having observers visit, let's join a class and see what goes on. The teacher will use a set of simple statements in English that are to be learned and thoroughly understood by the pupils. These same patterns will later be expanded into more complicated English. There will be no translating from one language to the other.

Today's lesson is built around the pattern, "This is my nose," the sixth of 114 patterns in the program.

The lesson is under way. The teacher has reviewed several previous "patterns." He has worked on a consonant sound that gives the class trouble. He is now introducing the new pattern. He puts himself in a "situation." He points to his nose as he stands before his class, and says (wonder of wonders!), "This is my nose." But he doesn't stop there. After three repetitions he goes on with (to the delight of his class): "This is my ear," and "This is my chin."

After three repetitions of each example and after one more time for review, it is now the pupils' turn. Repeating once more, "This is my nose," the teacher gestures that all the pupils are to point to their noses (he never directs them in their own tongue). Then, after suppressing a number of gigglers in the back row, like a conductor he leads them with a sweeping wave of the hand into a chorus of "This is my nose." He points to his ear; the children point to their ears and again the chorus responds, this time with (ideally) "This is my ear." Then, with the teacher supplying only the objects ("call words"), the class goes through at least 10 variations of the same pattern.

And so it goes from pattern to pattern, from lesson to lesson. True, after a year of "This is my nose," "I am hot," and "What is this?," there are times when you feel you cannot face another lesson. Then one day, one of your six-year-olds runs up, looks at you shyly, and with a huge grin blurts out: "Good morning, teacher. How are you?"

It's worth it—every half-hour lesson 27 times a week is worth it.

—Philip Peterson

ENGLISH THROUGH PICTURES is one approach used by Volunteer Philip Peterson; here boys at Government Primary School, Tambunan, Sabah, recognize some patterns they already know.

GONG MUSIC entertains onlookers at Papar Bazaar in Sabah. Gongs, usually cast in bronze, are familiar instruments all over Southeast Asia.

Heavenly Stuffing

Volunteer Louise Mattioli has a reputation as a gourmet among her Peace Corps colleagues, and below she describes a particularly succulent experience in Keningau, capital of the Interior Residency of Sabah, with a population of 2000. Most of the city's inhabitants are Dusuns, who speak their native Dusun as well as Malay; the Chinese, who operate many businesses and who own most of the rubber gardens, make up about a fourth of the population. Most of these are Hakka (southern) Chinese, who speak Malay in addition to their native tongue. Volunteer Mattioli teaches primary grades in a Keningau mission school. A 1960 graduate of Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, she has a Bachelor of Education degree and has done graduate work in sociology and anthropology. Her home is in Brackenridge, Pa.

By Louise Mattioli

When Nip Fong, one of the local contractors, handed me an envelope, I was apprehensive. But as I opened it, I saw written in English, and not in Chinese characters as I had feared, an invitation to attend a dinner the following evening at the Yuk Yin School. The occasion was *Sufootan*, the celebration of Carpenters' Day. Set each year in accordance with the Chinese calender, it came this year on Aug. 2. My response was brief: *"Boleh datang!"* (Can come!) Pass up a *China sit-fan?* Not on your life.

Before I came to Sabah I was biased. I believed that although many national specialties such as the chapati of the Indians, the curry of the Malays, and the crepes suzette of the French were all delicious, it took the Italians to put on a real, all-around meal. Now, about 15 months and some 10 Chinese *sit fan* later, my opinion has changed. The Chinese not only cook well but also have a real knack for serving food. By presenting only one or two courses at a time, they make sure that the food is always hot when eaten.

Each day of the school year the students of Yuk Yin School learn, in Chinese, the "Three R's." But in the evenings, on special occasions, the school becomes Keningau's country club, recreation club, concert hall, and town-meeting hall, all rolled into one. And *Sufootan* was such an occasion.

Nip Fong, along with the four other contractors who were giving the dinner, greeted me at the door. Inside, the desks had been put together to form 10 tables, each seating about eight. All the tables except one had place settings consisting of chopsticks, bowls, soup spoons, glasses, and paper napkins. At the odd table were European place settings: spoons, forks, and dinner plates. Not until later did I discover why I was seated at a table with chopsticks rather than at the "tenth" table.

At 6:15 the first course was served: the traditional egg soup called *ng chee*. Jimmy D'Cunha, an Indian friend who is a gourmet, added just enough brandy. *"Ngam,"* (exactly), the Chinese agreed. And palatable it was—the others all made their approval audible as they swallowed the soup, sure sign that it was well received.

Chow kai (roasted chicken) and *chow ap* (roasted duck) were next on the menu. While I debated whether to have a piece of duck as its head, beak included, stared at me, the plump Chinese woman next to me dropped a piece from her chopsticks into my bowl. I took a first bite rather doubtfully, but it was delicious and I happily had a second helping. As the *tongku* (black, locally-grown mushrooms which had been roasted with the duck) and the *sau nyk* (roasted pork with spiced onions) were served, I thought surely the end must be near. How wrong I was.

Course number six arrived: *hakon* (prawns). Up to this point my chopsticks were working quite well, but removing the outer covering from the prawns was another thing. My initial encounter some months before with these aquatic creatures floating in tomato sauce had been most perplexing, as I had attempted to eat them complete with shells. My second attempt wasn't so embarrassing, for the coverings were rather tender, and with all the noise, I doubt that anyone heard me as I ate whole the ones I couldn't shuck gracefully.

By this time my bowl was filled with bones and prawn shells. As I glanced around the table I noticed that my neighbors across the way, an Indian and a Ceylonese, simply put their scraps on the table. However, the Chinese woman on my left, and the newly-married Chinese couple on my right, had perfectly clean place settings. While I wondered about this, courses seven and eight arrived: *kai yow tau* (fried chicken livers with cashew nuts) and *ng pau* (a soup made of pork with dried fish stomachs). As the *ng pau* was being served, the friendly Chinese woman emptied my bowl of scraps on the floor and said, *"chin chai,"* which can mean any one of a number of things. In this instance it meant, "Never mind about the scraps. This is the proper thing to do." I soon saw why, for the scraps were quickly devoured by one of the many dogs which always seem to be where food is.

The people at the "tenth" table sat drinking orange beverages rather than beer, brandy, whiskey, and *tapai* (locally made rice wine) which flowed abundantly at the other nine tables. Rather than pork and chicken, they were eating *kerbau* (water buffalo) meat, fish, a clear broth, green vegetables, and rice. The Chinese woman seemed to read my thoughts, for she explained to me in Malay that those guests did not eat pork. I finally realized that among them was my friend and neighbor with the 13 children, Chegu Abdul Rahman, who is Muslim.

My watch showed 8:05. According to my left-hand neighbor, there were still several more courses to come. They did. *Chok soon chow tongku kai* (bamboo shoots with chicken and whole mushrooms) and *chow fan* (fried rice). By this point, I could get down only a square inch of chicken, and about a teaspoon of the fried rice. Finally, the *sung yee* (fruit) came. The cool litchi nuts were refreshing, and marked the end of an artistic meal.

The Chinese have a saying that a table left soiled and untidy means a meal has been enjoyed. Stained table or not, one could see by the empty serving plates and the looks of contentment on the faces of three Chinese, two Indians, one Ceylonese, one Portuguese-Malay, and one American that the cuisine was good.

As for ravioli and pizza, I know I'll enjoy them as always when I return to the States. But there will be one Italian-American household in Pennsylvania which will sit down regularly to the delights of a *China sit-fan*.

Right at Home

Volunteer Deanna Miller (Escalon, Cal.) grew up on a dairy farm in California's fertile Central Valley. She was active in 4-H work long before she joined the Peace Corps' 4-H project to Sarawak and Sabah with her husband, Donald. She attended Modesto Junior College, Modesto, Cal., majoring in elementary education and home economics.

By Deanna Miller

Among the first reactions in our home town to the news that my husband and I were going to Sarawak with the Peace Corps was the question, "Where is it?," followed by "So you're going to live with the wild man from Borneo! They have head-hunters there, don't they?" Even we were beginning to wonder about our safety.

When we arrived in Sibu, the second largest city in Sarawak and our home for the next two years, no head-hunter met us; we were taken in hand by an official of the British government, which ran things here until a few months ago. As it turned out, he was our boss and proved to be our adviser and friend.

In our 4-H program in Sibu we work with Chinese, Malays, Ibans, and many other peoples who are all Sarawakians. Among the people of Sarawak, as in America, there are many nationalities who are proud of their ancestry but who are still loyal citizens of the country. The population is about one-third Bornean peoples, one-third Chinese, and one-third Indians, Malays, Eurasians, and Europeans. We, like Americans in many Peace Corps lands, are regarded as Europeans.

Working with the different races is interesting because we have an opportunity to learn about not only Sarawak but also the whole world. Most of the Chinese are native-born Sarawakians, but the old, Chinese-family tradition and many of their thoughts and activities are tied to China. As an example, in a Chinese middle school where we now have a 4-H club, at first the boys and girls saw no need for such an organization because their parents from China had not had them—why should they? Later, the old principal retired and only then were we allowed to start a 4-H club.

Our 4-H leaders are of many backgrounds, and include Chinese, Indians, Canadians, Indonesians, and Filipinos. Some of our leaders are from volunteer organizations much the same as ours, such as the Canadians, while others have simply come here to live.

Our social gatherings are happily mixed, too—last Christmas we held a party, and among the guests were an Australian, an Indian, a Briton, a Dutchman, a Burmese, Filipinos, Canadians, Sarawakians, and Americans.

One of the greatest experiences for us in the Peace Corps has been the realization that we are a part of a much bigger team than we realized before coming to Sarawak. In fact, the missionaries (represented here by Dutch, Australians, Italians, French, Americans, Indonesians, Filipinos, Austrians, and British), the British Voluntary Service Organization, the Colombo Plan technicians (Canadians, New Zealanders, and Australians), the Canadian University Service Overseas, and others as well as Peace Corps are all working to help the people of Sarawak.

DUSUN WOMAN with child walks on the street at Papar, a coastal city south of Jesselton. Her parasol wards off the torrid tropical sun.

My husband and I happened to be Presbyterian and Mormon church members, but we have the chance to work in a Catholic girls' school, a Methodist secondary school, two government schools, and two private schools.

It has distressed us to hear that in the States there has been criticism of Peace Corps Volunteers for working in mission schools. Such criticism seems to us an example of American narrow-mindedness. It was our understanding when we joined the Peace Corps that we were going to work in a positive way to promote understanding among all people without regard to race or religion.

This opportunity to work with people of so many racial backgrounds and faiths has been an enlarging experience that we wish many Americans could experience. It disturbs us when people in the States pity us for being away from home, because we have learned that "home" can be wherever you are. Although we still love and feel we belong to California, these people of Sarawak have made us as much a part of their community as we ever were in our former town in America.

FROM DARTMOUTH TO KUCHING went Frank Sherman (left) of Ravena, N.Y., to work as hydraulic surveyor in drainage and irrigation office of Sarawak Public Works Department. Volunteer Sherman, who has a B.S. in geology, examines aerial photos with his supervisor, a British engineer.

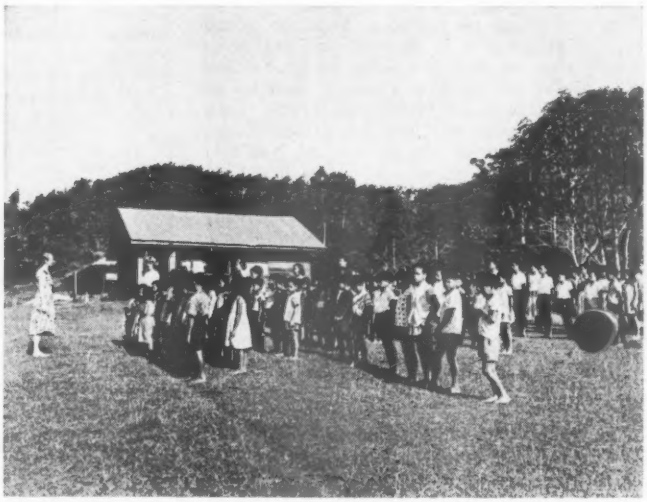
Life in Teginambur

They are called "Damai" and "Sigar" by the people of Teginambur, 13 miles inland from Kota Belud in the West Coast Residency of Sabah. Their house, of unpainted wood with a corrugated metal roof, sits on a hilltop and looks down on the small *kampong* with its three stores and a sawmill. Looking down on their house, and the *kampong*, and the land for miles about, is Mount Kinabalu—13,455 feet of Bornean grandeur. Their contact with the world of the 20th century is by a rutted, often impassable road to the capital city of Jesselton, many hours away, and by a shortwave radio; but they live for the most part in the ancient world of the Dusum people, unchanged for centuries past. Mary Jo (Damai) and Dudley (Sigar) Weeks turned back the clock a year ago August, when they went to Sabah and Sarawak with more than four score American Volunteers, as teachers, and as health and community-development workers. The Weekses, of Dallas, have shared their lives with the people of the *kampong* for more than a year now. Some time ago, a friend who works in Jesselton, Volunteer Jesse Zellner (Nashville), went to visit, and photographed Jo and Dud at work.

Rowland Scherman

Jo and Dud both teach in Teginambur's Native Voluntary School. He majored in history, she in religion at Southern Methodist University in Dallas.

Dud hauls two pails of water twice daily to house, 400 feet above village. He values trips for exercise, contact with people at river.



Before school begins, Dud and Jo stand with children for anthem. Headmistress (left) is Australian missionary teacher. The school is open to all faiths.

Rowland Scherman

Jo leads her students in roundabout game during recess. Uniforms indicate Girl Guides in Jo's troop, which meets at Weekses' house.

Dud goes for swim, attracting young friends. The river serves as community center, where people meet to draw water, launder clothes, bathe.

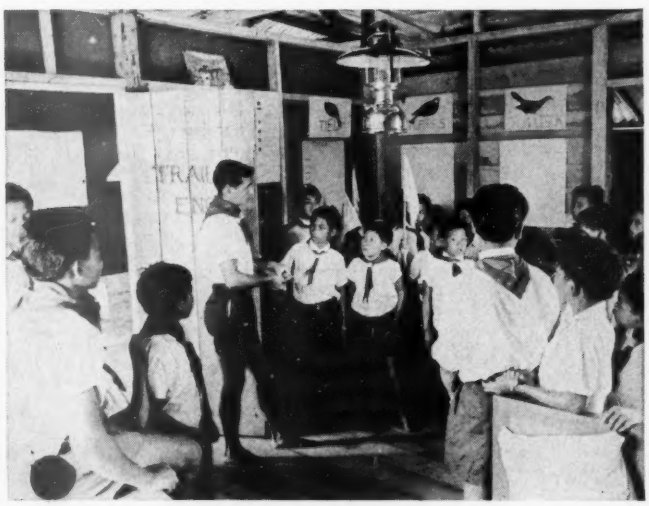
Rowland Scherman

Part of the daily routine is laundering in the Kadamain River, down the hill, across the road, behind main *kampong* area. Here Dud wrings sheet.

At 6 a.m. Jo, wearing local sarong, makes breakfast: toast, oatmeal, and powdered milk. They have kerosene stove and refrigerator.

Jo summons pupils to class. She teaches English and arithmetic; Dud adds geography and history. They also hold night classes for children.

Children in Dud's class get ready to run to blackboard in spelling-writing contest. First to write word correctly wins point for team.



Boy Scouts meet in afternoon at Weekses' house. Dud organized troop to give boys chance to have activity not related to school or field work.

While Jo, using the pressure lantern, conducts class in another room, Dud writes letter by hurricane lamp at the end of a long day.

UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONS of YMCA volleyball tournament, Club La Vega, posed with their mentor, Volunteer Rafael Nieves, after their victory. They had to play in borrowed uniforms.

Y Show on TV Uncovers Talent

(Continued from page 9)

professional. I stood behind the cameras encouraging him, but he seemed not to need it. The studio audience loved him; their applause was deafening and they shouted *"Otra! Otra!"* (again, again). The floor manager made a gesture which was not a standard TV signal; so I introduced Freddy's second song and went to talk to my associate.

He told me that phone calls about Freddy were pouring in, many of them containing offers of help. He also told me that the station director wanted to talk to us after the show.

The outcome of the meeting was that Freddy won a contract for a show on the station plus a scholarship for lessons. So every night after school at Boystown, he travels to Caracas for lessons at the city's best singing academy, and every week he appears on one of Venezuela's most popular TV programs.

At this writing Freddy is rehearsing "Adeste Fideles," "Noche de Paz" ("Silent Night"), and "Pequeño Pueblo de Belén" ("Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem"). He has promised to return to "La YMCA y Sus Muchachos" for our Christmas show; luckily he will perform for nothing.

For the Christmas season, Petare social workers who first helped us in setting up the YMCA are going around with me to all the *barrios* in the district. In each we are forming a choir of boys and girls to sing carols.

The Christmas season here starts even earlier than it does in the States, and early in November a musical group from Barrio El Campito appeared on the show.

The 33 singers and seven players, hauled to the station in a borrowed bus, sounded fine. The station preserved the show on TV tape, and the director invited the group back.

When we returned to the *barrio*, everybody had turned out to greet us and to celebrate the big day in El Campito's life. The organizer of the *barrio* had a public-address system set up, and he insisted that I speak to the people.

I thanked them and I thanked them. I told them that both the TV program and the YMCA were at their disposal for the good of the community.

Several Projects Work to Improve Language Abilities

Several Peace Corps projects have been holding or are planning in-service language seminars to help Volunteers become more proficient in the languages of their host countries.

In Malaysia, a concentrated course in spoken Bahasa Kebangsaan ("National Language," or Malay) is to be offered to Volunteers at the Language Institute in Kuala Lumpur from Dec. 29 to Jan. 16. More than two dozen Volunteers have indicated they would take the course.

"English will be avoided like the plague," a reporter in *Subsistence*, the Malaysia project's newsletter, says; "Emphasis will be on drill, drill, and more drill."

In Morocco, a special Peace Corps school in Tangier is offering Arabic to Volunteers working as irrigators and surveyors. Instruction is being given six hours daily, six days a week to groups limited to five persons. The course lasts six weeks and current plans call for all members of the project to have completed the course by April.

In Ethiopia, a workshop in the Amharic language was held in Addis Ababa during the country's long school vacation. In addition, workshops in Arabic and Tigrinya were held in the city of Asmara. Commenting on the value of Volunteer facility with the language or languages of the land, the project's newsletter, *Ethiopia News*, observes that "Rapport, so difficult to establish many times, and yet so important, is astonishingly easy to bring about with even a few words of Amharic. One's knowledge of the language is an indication of interest and sympathy which can be difficult to express in any other way."

The workshops lasted 30 days and about 30 Volunteers took part. Instruction was given by Ethiopian linguists from University College in Addis Ababa, and lasted five hours daily.

Workshops similar to those described above have been held in several other countries.

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